
Title: Dark Offspring 7

Author: An old sage

Night fell over the village. For once in the many long months, it seemed the village was at peace...

The sleeping villagers were completely oblivious to the hooded figure who walked through the town square. As it walked it kept its eyes intently locked on the village gates. Having reached the gates, it passed through and into the woods a short ways. Here lay a small clearing, its floor covered with fist sized rocks with a pile of them in the middle. All around and beneath the rock lay a sticky dark redish liquid, not unlike blood. The cloaked figure strode over to the mound of rocks swatting at flies that buzzed around it much as they would around a corpse. The figure dug its hands into the mound of rock pushing the rocks aside at first gently then frantically. At last the body of a beautiful woman came to sight. Its face and body were bloody and bruised as if they had been pumelted with rocks. The stranger bowed its head until its forehead

touched the forehead
of the body's. It
remained there, and
only the sound of
quiet weeping broke
the silence. Then the
stranger threw its
head back the hood
falling aside revealing
the face of Sigurd.
However, his face had
changed. Where once
there had been
nobility and kindness,
now there was only
pain, agony, and hate.
He let out a roar of
rage, tearing at his
hair in frustration.
He bent down to the
body and whispered
something in its ear.
Then he picked up
the body and carried
it off into the woods...

What Sigurd had
said was this, "My
love...My very life
itself. I WILL stop
at nothing until you
are avenged. I
WILL do whatever
it take to gain the
power to free you
from the bonds of
death. You WILL
be avenged! And
those that stand in
my way? They shall
rue the day they were
born... The people who
favor Justice the
most of any one in
Britainia? The was
only one person in
the entire world who
knew what the
virtues truly meant,
and now she is dead.
Your only advocate is
dead you citizen of
Britainia. I WILL
teach you the meaning
of the virtues, but
first I must have the
power to enforce
them...the Power...the
power" At this his

voice trailed off into
a hysterical cackle.
Something within him
had snapped. When
once he had sought
for peace with all
people, now he sought
only two things: power
and revenge...

For many hours the
village remained in
silence. Then a lone
wolf cry broke the
silence. It was
answered by another
cry and then another.
Soon the whole valley
rang with the
bloodcurdling cry. A
lone villager startled
awake, looked up out
of his bedroom
window. On the hill
just outside the forest
he could see hundreds
of pitch-black wolves
staring down at the
village... There was
another cry and they
all leapt down towards
the village. As the
the screams of terror
and the sounds of
battle flooded up to
the hill, Ilyana
looked down at the
village. She had
succeeded. She now
had the help of a
mage, and not just
any mage, her brother.
Having been feed with
her lies his madness
grown and so had his
lust of power. He
had plans of becoming
the most powerful
being in the world.
She was unsure as
whether she believed
he could achieve that,
or whether it were
even possible...